

# A Modest REPLY

To a too Hasty and Malicious LIBEL,

ENTITLED,

An ELEGY on Mr. Stephen Colledge;

Vulgarly known by the Name of

**The Protestant Joyner,**

23. Aug. 1681.

**T**Is wicked with insulting feet to tread  
 Upon the Monuments of the *Dead*.  
 'Tis base on those to let your Satyr fly,  
 Who do already *prostrate* lie.  
 If *All* were *False*, whom *Men* do so present,  
*Heav'n* hardly could be Innocent.  
 If *All* deserv't, that we've *Condemned* seen,  
*JESUS* and *CHARLES* had *Guilty* been.  
 And if by his ill fate a *Lamb* does fall,  
 Must we that *Lamb* a *Tyger* call?  
 And when a *Rav'n*'s *Beast* our *Flocks* does rend,  
 Must we be forc'd to stile him *Friend*?  
 No more their *Pedigree* need now be sought,  
*Wolves* from the *Continent* were brought.  
 When we had them *destroy'd*, or sent 'em thither,  
 They now again import 'em hither.  
 These *Cannibals* their sharp-fang'd Sires succeed,  
 Worrying *Religion* till she bleed.  
 By these a while the *Roman Beldame* stood,  
 Heart'ning and fleshing them in *Blood*;  
 Then sent them over, where 'tis all their Joy  
 The *Shepherds Darlings* to destroy:  
 Around our choicest *Fields* they boldly range,  
 And ev'ry day their *Vyands* change.

A

Higher

Higher then *Fawns* at first they dare not rise,  
These to their Rage they sacrifice:  
When flush'd with such *Success*, they proudly brag  
To set upon the *Nobler Stag*:  
Yet at a bay he stands, and braves 'em all,  
And like himself intends to fall.  
These he might scatter yet, and many a year  
Comfort the now-dejected *Deer*;  
Did not the baser *Hounds* degenerate;  
And hasten on his mighty Fate;  
Did not the *Forrester* his Bow prepare,  
As if against a *Wolf* or *Bear*:  
Were not the Arrow likely soon to part,  
Which if *Heav'n* helps not, strikes his Heart:  
Did not his Foes insinuate his Design  
To be to browz on th' *Royal Vine*;  
When all this strange Unparallell'd Offence,  
Perhaps was drawing Serpents thence.  
And Thou, *Undaunted Soul*, that now must fall  
A *Legal Victim* to their Gall;  
If that which ne'er within thy Bosom lay,  
Thou unadvisedly did'st say;  
Give Glory unto Heav'n, thy Faults Repent,  
And thou may'st yet Die Innocent.  
This carry to the Grave: *Though Live you can't,*  
*You yet may Die a Protestant.*

---

London, Printed for R. Janeway, in Queens-  
Head-Alley in Pater-Noster-Row, 1681. *all*